[12 cont.]

843 The pregnant woman may eat no "ongaka" and no bush-
262 buck (okapundja, //airibkhe); she is allowed to eat hares.

844 Birth takes place in the hut. Men may not be present. As soon as the umbilical cord (//nǽba) has fallen off, the child's hair is cut and buried. Then the child is carried out of the hut.
[553] The father receives it and gives it a name, which is chosen quite arbitrarily.

764 As soon as death occurs, the corpse is unclothed, wrapped in hides or blankets, and is placed in the grave on its left side in an extended position with the head toward the west. Brushwood is placed on the covered grave. People come there to weep. Offerings are not brought.

224 At the beginning of the hunt, certain ceremonies are
[177] performed, which I believe have in part been taken over from the Ovambo.

The hunters meet at a certain place in the forest (Khoá !Khuásha). Every hunter brings a twig with omsati leaves; these are thrown together in one place (omsati-//khái-wa), and a circle is drawn around it in the sand. Each hunter steps into the circle and on the leaves and says:

[539] //am ≠haiba, //am ≠haiba (?)
[782] The leader answers:

!Khu !Khu /ao /ao /auschá Lord! Lord! We must now go hunting!

When a wild animal has been killed, the lucky marksman first cuts a piece of flesh from it, roasts and eats it, and then divides the meat among his fellow hunters. No offerings are made.

224 This procedure is of the greatest interest. In the lower
422 form of hunting practiced by primitive peoples, the individual huntsman is the undisputed owner of the game he has killed. In the case of the more highly organized hunting that these Bushmen practice today, the property right of the individual hunter is still stressed through these ceremonies, although ultimately the hunter receives no more meat than his companions.

222 The gathering of veldkost does not have the great signifi-
[184] cance here that it does in the east. After all, the women already
[462] commonly cultivate a little garden plot, and the youngsters herd
[957] a few goats, while the men still practice hunting as their main
[233] OCCUPATION.

[29 cont.]

847 child live, the older child would have to die. We are left with the choice of killing one of the children so that one can stay alive.' The explanation is absolutely convincing. There is the [593] added consideration that the Bushman mothers lose their maternal instincts when they see that a child is not thriving. I saw a six-month-old Bushman child, a really pitiful figure. The mother did not have sufficient food for her child. My wife offered to give the child the bottle. The proposal was joyfully accepted. For a few days, the child was brought at the specified times. It gladly took the bottle. But then the mother felt that her freedom was restricted. After all, she had to remain in the vicinity of the house for the sake of the child. She did not lack food at all. I provided for her. The desire for veldkost was too great, however, and the child was brought only in the morning and evening and received his meal. Naturally, no noticeable improvement could be observed. Hence, at an opportune occasion the mother disappeared, and when she reappeared, she was without the child. She and her friends had buried it alive."

853 Matters are certainly not always as hopeless as Vedder describes them. First of all, at a very early age the children are given pre-chewed veldkost, and, secondly, the women of the kin group help one another out with the breast feeding. During 854 the day the infant stays in a hide sack on the mother's back, and at night the children sleep at the mother's breast; the smallest lies directly at the breast, while during the cold season the others 867 cuddle around the mother's legs. From earliest childhood, the children are taught to honor the old people and not to take anything away from anyone. For the boys, the father soon carves a bow and arrow, for the girls a little digging stick. Nothing is said to little children when they take things, but once the boy has been given a bow, he may not touch anyone else's bow and arrow; otherwise he gets a beating. The boys greatly fear the women. 868 The bigger boys stay together by themselves and go hunting for ●857 small game or accompany adults on the hunt for large game.

586 Marriage is absolutely indissoluble. Separation is also impossible, for outside the kin group the woman would perish in the wilderness. So far as I have observed, the relationship between 593 marriage partners is in general very good, and not uncommonly the

[32 cont.]

224 423 go to the kin group to whom this territory belongs and take the men to the animal. Then it will be carefully divided down the middle; the hunter gets one half, and the owners get the other half. Nevertheless, quarrels are common, because there is only one of certain organs, such as the heart, liver, etc. These con- [184] ditions, however, exist only among the eastern !Kung. A Hei//om or a northern !Kung who is found hunting in the territory 224 of another tribe is regarded as an enemy. Boys' hunting is con- [857] fined to lizards, tree rats, and other rodents. They ordinarily [411] use the bird arrow, which is carved out of a piece of wood, but in contrast to the Ovambo, the older boys here already have [223] poisoned arrows. Young and old pursue the hunting of birds with great enthusiasm; in particular guinea fowl, sand hens, grouse, and the Pau [?] insofar as it occurs in this region. These fowl [262] and small bushbucks are the chief sources of the meat in the native diet. The forest region of the eastern !Kung is poor in [136] large game. Zebras are almost entirely absent, as is the wildebeest; the giraffe is very rare. The eland, kudu, hartebeest, and especially the gemsbok are relatively more common. Hunting drives are organized to hunt the elephant or rhinoceros. First, the elephant is separated from the herd. As soon as it has been cornered, one Bushman after another springs forward and throws his spear. It is also possible to hunt the elephant with poisoned arrows; there is a number of thinner spots in the skin at the front legs, and the marksman places as many arrows there as possible. The elephant does not die; it merely becomes sick. The hunter rushes home to get some other men, who then go to look for the elephant with spears. Pitfalls are made in the vicinity of the watering places, and a pointed pole is placed inside them. The Bushmen along the Okovanggo also hunt the hippopotamus with pitfalls. The eastern !Kung maintain that in ancient times the hippopotamus was also found in their land. The sling trap is made [223] in various sizes. The ostrich in particular is usually caught in such sling traps, which are provided with a piece of bone bleached by the sun. Small cats and the like are also caught with this trap. It is likewise placed on the trails of the bushbuck. Jackals and the like are caught by lying in wait for them as they come out of their dens and then beating them to death with the kirri.

8: Fourie D-5 (ca. 1920) 1928
FX10 Bushmen FX10

sticks, pipes, etc., and occasionally assist the women in fetching wood and water. The women build the huts, collect veldkos and prepare the food, make the fire and keep it going, gather wood, fetch water and manufacture ostrich eggshell beads for ornaments, etc. The latter are also responsible for keeping the camp clean.

Infants and young children accompany their mothers on their daily excursions in search of food until they are old enough to look after themselves. From that time onwards the mothers take practically no share in their education which, in the case of girls, is entrusted entirely to an old woman who lives in the hut with the young girls, and in the case of boys, to their fathers.

Little girls, while still with their mothers, are taught to love and respect the old woman and to seek her company of their own accord. After taking up residence with her they accompany her daily into the veld and thus gradually come to learn from her all the duties which will ultimately devolve upon them. Boys sleep under the tree in the centre of the camp at night or in a hut specially set apart for them. Each morning they accompany their fathers into the veld. At first they are given little bows and wooden arrows with which to amuse themselves. Towards the eighth or ninth year each is provided by his father with a proper bow and three arrows which, however, are not poisoned. With these he is allowed to shoot hares, guinea fowl and other birds, wild cats, small buck, etc. After killing his first steenbuck or duiker he is given a few poisoned arrows and later, when he has become proficient in the use of these, he is taught to stalk and shoot big game. By the time he reaches the age of puberty he has, as a rule, gained a very good knowledge of veld craft.

Initiation Ceremonies.

Both boys and girls, on reaching a marriageable age, are subjected to certain ceremonies before being admitted to full membership of the group. These ceremonies vary considerably among the various tribes.

The following is an account of the girls' initiation ceremony as practised among the *Hei-||om* group around the Etosha Pan. As young girls (*ǂkham-khoidi*) approach the age of puberty they are placed in a hut called *ǂkham-khoidi* or *aurai-khoidi oms* in which they sleep at night. During the daytime they gather veldkos either by themselves or in company with the married women. Men, whether married or single, may not enter the *ǂkham-khoidi oms* nor may they speak to the *ǂkham-khoidi*. The latter may, however, speak and be spoken to by the *aurogu*, but only at a distance so that no conversation of an intimate nature is possible without being overheard by the grown-up people. A man may on occasion address a *ǂkham-khois* by saying, "you must grow up so that I may marry you," but she will not reply. When addressed by a man, say, in the veld, she runs away to her

8; Fourie D-5 (ca. 1920) 1928
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524 thing. This they do one by one, each in turn beckoning to the others to come and see.

In the *surus-/hurub* (game of the ringhals snake) one woman acts as the snake, standing with her hand and forearm raised above the forehead. As the other women approach her she hisses and strikes with the raised hand after the manner of a snake, causing them to scream and retire. This game is said to be founded on the experience of a woman into whose eyes a snake spat while she was trying to drive mice out of a shrub by means of her stick.

The following are a few examples of the games played by the *ǂAo-//ein* and *//Aikwe* of the Kalahari, viz.: *Children's*: 857 a man bartering goods from a trader; cock ostriches fighting with elephants which have come to drink at waterhole; a fight between two opposing groups, small bows and wooden arrows being used; a python lying in wait for and capturing its prey at a waterhole. *Men's*, the ostrich game; throwing the *isani*, in which a thin, short-feathered stick, weighted at one end by means of a large bean (bauhinea esculenta), is flung into the air and kept going by catching it on a stick in its descent and flinging it up again; throwing the stick, in which each player has a thin stick, about three feet long, which he flings forcibly on to the ground in such manner as to make it rise into the air and shoot away from him. *Women's*, catching the ball in which a melon or round tuber is used for the purpose; the capture of brides by young men, etc.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS.

Food Supply, Etc.

137 The source of the food supply varies very considerably in 184 different localities. In some it is derived mainly from the 269 vegetable, in others from the animal, kingdom. The Kalahari and northern parts of the territory are rich in both plant and animal life and the Bushmen inhabiting those parts consequently have a fairly well-balanced dietary. In the central and southern Kalahari the most important among the vegetable foods are the *tsamma* (citrullus vulgaris), ōintjes (cyperis edulis Dtr.) and *//nōun* (Bauhinea esculenta). As one proceeds northwards various fruit-bearing trees appear, *e.g.*, the wild fig, palm, omungete nut, wild orange, omuandi, omuve, etc. In addition to the above numerous varieties of edible roots, bulbs, tubers, berries, etc., appear in great profusion during and after the rainy season.

222 Among the *Hei-//om* the following ceremony is observed in connection with the collection of veldkos by the women. It is practised when the fruit of the *ǂhuin* ripens, generally after the onset of the big rainy season in the month of February. On a certain day, appointed by the *gei-khoib*, all the women, under the guidance of the *gei-khois*, set out to collect the first fruit of the *ǂhuin*, the men in the meantime remaining in the *//gāus*. The trees from which the fruit is to be gathered

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
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GiKwe

142 621 The third old woman was Ukwane's wife, and her name was Kutera. She was the oldest of the four women by many years, and much the frailest; her arms and legs were spindly, and she was so thin that her slender bones stuck out. She moved slowly, feebly, and spoke in a high, thin voice like the piping of a little bird. She didn't even have the big belly that Bushmen usually have; instead, her belly clung to her backbone and she looked like a little, dry bird skeleton, ready to splinter or be blown away.

The other members of the group were the three young boys. One, Giamakwe, about eleven years old, was the son of Ukwane's old age, and the other two, Wite and Witabe, about ten and fourteen, were the sons of Twikwe and the man who ran away. All were extremely thin, with arms and legs like matchsticks, and each wore a tiny rag of a loincloth that had been cast off by someone else and cut down to their sizes—just tokens of modesty, as the boys were not covered up at all. But they were very gay and active; their shyness of 857 621 us vanished immediately and was replaced by excitement; they whirled and spun like dervishes when they saw the gemsbok, played leapfrog, jounced each other, and ran circles around the werf, followed by the baby, Nhwakwe, who chased them like a puppy and could not keep up. He would tire from time to time, fall into his mother's lap to nurse, and then, refreshed, would rush headlong after the three boys again. He never did catch them, but this did not make him angry or make him cry.

224 When everyone was present, looking hungrily at the gemsbok on the jeep with a swarm of redheaded flies already at its mouth, Gai and Ukwane got their knives and rolled the gemsbok to the ground. She fell with a hard bounce, a thump as her legs or her long horns struck, and a huff as gas rushed from her open mouth. She lay stiffly, looking awkward with

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

224 422 leg, his wife had one of the feet and the stomach, the young boys had lengths of intestine. Twikwe had received the head and Dasina the udder.

It seems very unequal when you watch Bushmen divide a kill, yet it is their system, and in the end no person eats more than any other. That day Ukwane gave Gai still another piece because Gai was his relation, Gai gave meat to Dasina because she was his wife's mother. After the meat had been divided again in this way and cooked, the cooked food was shared. No one, of course, contested Gai's large share, because he had been the hunter and by their law that much belonged to him. No one doubted that he would share his large amount with others, and they were not wrong, of course; he did. It is not the amount eaten by any person but the formal ownership of every part that matters to Bushmen.

It was already evening and the sun sat on the flat veld like an enormous, flaming mountain. It sank, and its orange color was echoed in the three families' fires as the people warmed themselves and cooked their meat.

224 857 The following day the three young boys, feeling vigorous with all the meat they had eaten, went out to play in the veld and came back at noon with a tortoise, a lizard, and a tiny rabbit, a baby one that they had been able to run down. The young boys would have had to divide any substantial game with the adults, but since these animals were so small the boys were allowed to keep them. Small animals are divided among the children and cooked for them by one of their parents.

Wite carried in the rabbit, still alive, across his shoulders, pretending that it was very heavy and that he was tired and worn, as though he were a hunter carrying home a buck. When he threw the rabbit down, a soft ball of gray fur with

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Gikwe

the innocent eyes of a baby and pretty, drop-shaped ears that were pink inside, it rushed at him and bit his finger. A dire fate awaited it; Ukwane caught it and pinched its throat.

The tortoise was given to Nhwakwe, the baby, as the spoils of a hunt are always shared, and Gai, his father, took it to roast it for him.

First, Gai scooped a shallow pit in the sand in front of his sleeping-place, which he filled with burning sticks. Beside him, old Twikwe held the tortoise on its back, but the tortoise urinated brown urine and Twikwe let it stand up. It stood looking at the flames, blinking its hard black eyes, then started to walk away. But Twikwe caught it again and held it, idly turning it over and over while she talked with Gai about other things, about smoke they had noticed on the southern horizon which Gai said was Bushmen's smoke. Gai said he planned to go to see the people some day soon, and as he spoke he took the tortoise from Twikwe and laid it on its back, where it rested with its feet out and its neck bent, in the position that would be correct, if it were standing. Gai took a burning stick from the fire and set it against the tortoise's belly. The tortoise kicked violently and jerked its head, urinating profuse amounts of the brown urine which ran over Gai's hand, but the heat had its effect, the two hard, central plates on the shell of the belly peeled back, and Gai thrust his hand inside. The smoldering shell reeked and the tortoise struggled violently, but Gai slit the belly with his knife and pulled out the intestine.

The tortoise by now had retreated part way into its shell, trying to hide there, gazing out from between its front knees. Gai reached the heart, which was still beating, and flipped it onto the ground, where it jerked violently for a moment, almost jumping, then relaxed to a more spasmodic beating, all by itself and dusty, now ignored. Gai pinched the gall away

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

124 like sweat to all the body. He did not understand what the
827 lungs did, or that air went into them, or that air went through the trachea. Breathing, said Ukwane, is air going down into the stomach, where it makes belches. Ukwane did not know about the circulation of the blood, believing that blood ebbs and flows, nor did he recognize pulses in the body except the pulse at the V of the throat, noticeable in people who wear little clothing, which is known as "the place of the heart."

124 The cold night had come, and Ukwane in the frosty grass
826 was shivering, yet he sat for an hour keeping his patience, putting his hands into the cold blood of the springbok to trace veins to their source, prefacing all his answers with positive, qualifying remarks. "I am an old man," he would say, "and I know that the diaphragm separates the heart and lungs from the stomach," or "I am Ukwane, and I know that when the heart is gone the animal cannot live, or a person either, because the heart is that animal's life."

857 As the dissection and the conversation went on, the three
526 young boys, joined occasionally by Nhwakwe, the baby, played games all the time, creeping in between the adults to warm themselves by the fire and by the heat of bodies when they could stand the cold no longer. If you wear no clothing your skin is sensitive to very slight changes of temperature, and even the warmth of someone sitting beside you or the heat radiated by a few coals makes a lot of difference. When the young boys were thawed they would again leap into the darkness to play some more. They played a game of horse and rider, in which one boy would leap astride another boy and ride without holding on while the other boy would stagger forward as fast as he could. In a moment, both would fall, jump up again, hitch up their loincloths, and resume the game, only this time the horse would jump on the back of

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

the rider. Sometimes two boys would make the horse, one boy holding the wrists of another boy in front of him while a third boy would ride, and these horses, reinforced, were much more successful, traveling farther at faster speeds. Now and then, as we talked by the fire, one of these little phantom creatures would rush silently by us in the dark, its dark rider in silhouette against the sky.

As we talked, we heard music, very sweet, sad music, as though a music box were playing, coming to us from a little distance away. It was Gai's older son, the boy who had come back with us, playing the te k'na to himself. Thus we discovered that Gai had not fared as badly as it had seemed he did in his meeting with the strange Bushmen, for the te k'na had belonged to the man who had laughed at him. All the Bushmen at the fire, who loved music, stopped their talk to listen, and even the young boys were charmed from their game, for they moved silently toward him and crouched in the cold grass to listen, too. Soon they stood up to dance, a usual Bushman dance of men, taking small, pounding steps, moving in a circle. They danced very well, with freedom and with great precision, but they were too excited to dance for long and instead began to play a dancing game called "Ostrich," performed by two boys dancing forward to face each other. As one either crouches or bends double from the hips, the other, who in the game is called the ostrich, swings his leg over the first boy's back without missing a beat in the rhythm. The boy who bent jumps backward as another boy steps in to take his place. This is repeated again and again, accompanied by spoken, rhythmic sounds: he he *hi*, hehe he *hi*, and the whole game is very fast and vigorous, requiring great practice and co-ordination, as the body movements, which often include the slapping of the elbows against the ribs, are sometimes at counterpoint to the spoken rhythm.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

857 The game represents ostriches, perhaps ostriches fighting or
526 mating.
535

The game was intoxicating. The boys danced so fast, so perfectly, and made their rhythm so vigorous and free, that Gai, who had been sitting quietly listening to Ukwane, could stand it no longer. Throwing his great cape around himself, he suddenly leaped to his feet and sprang among the little boys, scattering them like a hawk among sparrows, towering over their heads as he began to dance. He stamped, bent, straightened, and swung his long leg over the little boys' backs, dancing with far more abandon, not as precisely as they, but madly; he took our breath away.

He wore his great kaross backward, flung across his chest, and when he stood still waiting for his turn to leap forward and crouch he was as motionless and dignified as a tribune standing, and when he danced the great wings of his kaross swung like the cape of a bullfighter, masculine, open, and free. He was a wonderful sight, and the old people watching him smiled, and the little boys dancing under his long legs and under the wings of his cape looked up at him and laughed with pleasure because he was playing their game.

Gai was a man of great dignity and for him the dance was not altogether a success, for when the young boys tried to swing their legs over his back they generally kicked him in the rear or in the face. Soon he tired of it and came back to the fire to sit by Ukwane, but he was too excited to stay
524 quiet long and in a moment he tore off his cape and, calling
593 Ukwane and his oldest son, he began another rhythmic game,
533 called "Kaross." This is played by several men or boys who rub the kaross between their hands in the way that they rub it to soften or cure it, only they rub more vigorously and accompany themselves with several very rhythmic, very gay, fast songs, sung in falsetto, to imitate the falsetto singing of

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Gikwe

men whom we had met at Okwa had arrived and were planning to live beside us, as life at Okwa was getting very hard. The veld, said Ukwane, was beginning to dry, a condition that we had noticed, which was showing itself in the scarcity of roots and in the rotten, bitter melons. But we suspected that jealousy as much as anything else had brought the seventeen people to Ai a ha'o, the fear that Ukwane's band was feasting while they were being deprived.

At camp we found only three men of the visiting band, as the others were waiting somewhere in the veld, and the members of our expedition, who were trying to find a place for the visitors to camp. The three men were looking stonily around, seeing nothing that seemed agreeable. They had first been offered a grove of trees right by our camp, but they had refused this because of the mamba which they had heard about from Ukwane and which they believed might still be near. One spot after another failed to suit them, and finally they dropped their skin bags of belongings under a pair of small trees very close to Ukwane's werf. Ukwane welcomed them, of course, but I think he felt that difficulties would arise with them living so close and always watching.

One of the men went to summon the others of his band, who had been resting in a patch of heavy thorn bushes not far from our camp, and they came, carrying their youngest children and their bags of belongings, followed by their children old enough to walk by themselves. One of these was a toddling youngster who hadn't been walking long and who surely had been carried for most of the journey. The others were three young boys of about the same ages as the boys of Ukwane's band; when they saw where they were going to be living, they abandoned their parents with a great shout and, running to Ukwane's werf, started a game of horse and rider with the three boys of Ukwane's band. The Gikwe bands

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GIKwe

574 621 857 do not meet very often, and when they do the children play together day and night. All the young boys were extremely happy to see each other and expressed their joy by starting their game at once, wasting neither time nor breath to say hello. Before the adults of the visiting band had set their bundles on the ground two little horses with their riders had run past, the riders trying to unseat each other.

574 621 361 They played all afternoon and into the evening while the adults went about the business of setting up a camp. I went to the new werf to watch and found that the women had stored away their belongings, stuffing some of their bundles among the tree roots, hanging others from the branches, and were now clearing grass, each woman clearing a small circle for her family. Soon five circles were formed, not quite touching, all sheltered by the branches and all in the space of a few square feet. I helped one woman pull grass, for she was clearing it tuft by tuft, pulling it up with her hands, and as I did this I felt something cold and firm in the grass I was holding, and, looking down, I saw that I was holding an asp. I dropped it, one of the Bushman men ran up to kill it, and one of the [20] women lifted it between her fingers and placed it in her kaross. Later it would be cooked and eaten by a child.

224 574 That same afternoon, some of the members of our expedition went hunting and shot a gemsbok, which was brought back to camp and given to Ukwane to divide. This was, perhaps, a great mistake on our part, for Ukwane gave the entire carcass to the newcomers except for the head, one foot, and a little of the liquid from the rumen, which he kept for his own people. Twikwe dug a pit in the veld and roasted the head in it, and that night, while the newcomers were still butchering, drying, and cooking their larger share, the mem-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
GiKwe

him off the ground. Wite did not resist, but swung limp and resigned, and when Gai released him he started to walk away. Gai had eaten all the meat except one morsel, and this he tossed to Wite, who picked it up from the ground and ate it apathetically.

Only the baby set a good example. I had picked him up and was carrying him when the three young boys of Ukwane's band noticed that he was mouthing something and holding something else in his hand. For a joke they extended their palms, telling him to share what he had in his hand, and he gave it readily. It was only the crackly skin that flakes off bones when they are roasted, quite flavorless, impossible to chew; Nhwakwe was only playing with it and the boys only pretended to take a bite, then threw it away. But either the baby didn't see them reject it or didn't care because in a moment he made them another present, the meat that he had been holding in his mouth. The young boys didn't see where he got it and they were about to eat it when Nhwakwe opened his mouth to smile and they noticed. They threw it down, but the baby spat some onto his finger and offered it to them anyway, and when they didn't take it he smeared it on their chests.

After the unhappy hour of eating, the people of Ukwane's band, their appetites dulled even though their bellies were not full, seemed more relaxed and the young boys went off to join the boys from the visiting band. The youngsters were always friends. The tensions suffered by all the members of both the bands did not affect their enjoyment of each other.

That evening the boys sat down near one of the fires to talk, and they told each other all the things that had happened since they last had met, perhaps a year before. Most of the incidents had happened fairly recently and most amounted to anecdotes about the other members of the

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

224 Toma's son said that he, too, had shot a buck during the
866 last rainy season, but while the hunters were following it a
● 857 rainstorm had come up and had washed the tracks away, forcing them to abandon the hunt, although for days they had searched the sky for the column of vultures that would show where the buck had fallen. Lions must have got it, said Toma, and eaten it in one night, and this was a great shame, for younger boys than his son had already proven themselves. The boy shrugged his shoulders at these words. He had been the first person we had met when we first had come to Gautscha Pan, and we had seen him in the veld, a naked child hardly more than an infant, standing in grass that came over his head with a toy bow and a wooden arrow in his hand. He was far from home, all by himself, but he had stood up to talk with us so boldly that our interpreter, vastly amused, had asked him what he would do if he met a lion, and with great self-possession Toma's son had said: "If he let me alone, I would let him go, but if he came for me, then we would fight."

Young Bushman boys do not always seem anxious to become adults. Like his son, in Toma's opinion, they prefer to play at hunting because as soon as they know how to hunt they have to, and hunting, say adult Bushmen, is very hard work. We felt, though, that it wouldn't be long before his son did succeed in killing an animal. Besides playing at hunting as a child he used to hunt beetles, moths, and large caterpillars by shooting them with thorns; but he was twelve now and seemed to have left his childhood behind, for while we talked his younger brother and sister played in the sand but he sat quietly with the men and listened.

163 Gao Big Feet and his wife, Dikai, Tu's sister, had had a
164 second baby, a little boy named Dabe ma, Little Dabe. Their first child, Little Gashe, now four, was blind in one eye, pos-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
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Kung

them with his moods and when he stopped playing and they went away, they, too, were brooding.

Many young people had come to Nama, and together they made Nama very gay. The boys played a game with wands, throwing the wands at a hummock of ground and watching them bounce off and sail into the grass on the other side, the nearest that Bushmen come to a competitive game, for the young boys like to see whose wand goes the farthest.

The girls played a singing game with a melon. They would stand in a row that formed a half-circle dancing in place while the girl at one end would spring into the middle of the circle and toss a melon to the girl next to her in line. The game is accompanied by a rapid, intricate song of several parts sung in falsetto voices, as pretty to hear as the game is pretty to see, for the girls dance with their arms and heads as well as with their feet, like the dancers of Bali.

At that time there were only two adolescent unmarried girls at Nama. One of these was Beautiful Ungka, the other was her cousin, and they both lived with the cousin's parents at one of the werfs of the people from Gam. They were both extremely beautiful and they were lilies of the field. Since they were their parents' only children, they had no younger brothers or sisters to mind, and did nothing at all from one day to the next but adorn and amuse themselves, and this they did together, for they were the best of friends. They were straight and slender, with pale-gold skin not yet darkened and weathered by the sun of the veld, and they had flat bellies and high, small breasts. Beautiful Ungka had nipples like knobs, rounded like balls. Both girls wore ornamented aprons, soft leather capes—the best that there is. Many bead ornaments hung from their hair and swung when they walked, and almost hid their handsome faces.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

572 882 574 A sound and a fragrance accompanied them wherever they went; the sound was the sound of their ornaments clanking like crockery, dry and dull, and the fragrance was heavy and [303] sweet, the perfume of the leaves of *sa* and the wood of *tchambuti*, which Bushman women grind to powder and rub on their bodies. We would always hear these two girls coming, for they talked loudly, and a moment later we would see them appear around a bend in the path, one in front of the other, heads high and eyes cast downward, as light and long as two Egyptian sacred cats. Usually they were followed by a homely little girl years younger than they were, a forlorn little creature who would run errands for them and was content to trot after them and be their handmaiden, and usually they were on their way to visit a friend of theirs, a young married girl who was visiting at Toma's werf. When the two beauties would arrive to visit her, their married friend would stop whatever she was doing and the three of them would sit together in some shady spot to string beads or weave blossoms into crowns which they would wear, the blossoms fetched by the handmaiden, who searched the veld for aloes, the only flowers blooming in that season.

882 572 857 While they were stringing beads or weaving blossoms, a group of young boys would gather to play the wand game, and now and then, of course, a wand would land among the girls and the boys would jostle each other to retrieve it. The girl of Toma's werf treated these happenings with gaiety, for she was responsive and kind, but the other two wouldn't even turn their heads to see. Beautiful Ungka had been married, after all, and kidnapped, and widowed and divorced; grown men had fought over her and it was natural that the jostling of young boys would seem trivial. She would laugh behind her hand at them, though, then pull a long face when they would turn around to see.

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

Those were two willful girls, too beautiful, too proud, too much admired, but the young boys couldn't do enough for them. It was one of their admirers who cleared the grass for the werf that the cousin's parents were building, and though the two girls teased and ridiculed the boy all the while, snickering contemptuously at him from behind their swinging beads, he worked on happily until not a blade of grass remained.

But Beautiful Ungka and her cousin were not as sophisticated as they thought they were, really, for when they would hear the music of the melon game they would abandon their poise and decorum to run for the sound, arms waving, ornaments and clothing streaming out behind, and when they found the game they had been hearing they would jump into the middle of it and play with abandon, singing loudly and dancing fast for fun. Also, Beautiful Ungka could spit through her teeth like a man. She could draw back her head and spit ten feet and she did this often, smiling scornfully, an astonishing accomplishment for such a handsome girl. Her cousin used to try it too; she could spit a little way but not nearly as far as Beautiful Ungka.

After all, they were only sixteen. There is a Bushman mood song with these words:

> *I am tired and old and without people,*
> *I wish I could marry a young girl.*

There were so many great fires around Nama that the sky was dark with their smoke, and when the sun rose in the morning, one day shortly after we had got there, we could not even see it until it was far above the horizon and then it appeared red and enormous, murky. In the west two new fires had sprung up, perhaps lit by Bushmen to show where they were

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

three-legged dog. This morning, though, he did not look at anyone and seemed more silent even than he had been before.

The men made a carriage of their arms and lifted Short Kwi to the top of the truck, and in the process one of them lost his footing so that Short Kwi was jounced, which must have hurt him although he did not show it, Bushmen being very good at concealing pain or despair. His wife climbed on to help make him comfortable and to receive their bundles, which were being handed up, and at the sight of this his baby began to cry without a sound, slow tears rolling down her cheeks and dropping to the ground. I lifted the baby and tried to play with her, jumping a little and smiling to make her smile, although of course I could not cheer her, and when Short Kwi's wife looked over the truck's side the baby twisted away from me and held up her arms.

When Short Kwi was ready we asked who would come with us, and most of his relatives decided to wait and join us later because one of the young boys, a child of twelve or so, had shot his first buck two days before and as the buck had still not been found, the people did not want to leave it. Toma's son himself wanted to remain because, it turned out, the buck had been shot with an arrow which he had given to another boy, who in turn had given it to the young hunter, and Toma's son, as original owner of the arrow, wanted his rightful share of the meat. When Toma said that his son could wait if he wanted but that we couldn't wait for him, his son turned to some other little boys who stood near him and began discussing the possibility of his joining the search for the animal. It was very interesting to see this conversation, these adult dealings beginning among the ten- and twelve-year-olds, these new, young hunters, these small figures of hope and strength, and we waited a long time while

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

224 857 866 Toma's son rubbed his head with his tough little fingers to make up his mind. Finally he left his friends and climbed on the truck. Home was too far to walk to, he said, and he was going to forfeit. As we drove away, his friends ran after us, shouting that they would bring him his share if they were able.

151 152 757 We reached Nama Pan late in the afternoon. Toma and Gao Feet cleared a werf for Short Kwi, and when he was settled comfortably with his back against a tree and with soft grass and blankets arranged all around him he said softly, just to himself and anyone else who might be listening, that during the night his leg had fallen off. After he said this he began to cry, and Gao Feet slowly crouched beside him, unwound the blanket slowly, and untied the bark, then gently lifted the knee away from the calf, which remained on the ground, just like the leg of a mummy. When the calf had fallen off, Short Kwi had pushed the two pieces back together again. Short Kwi was crying and biting his hand and his wife was crying, and Toma and Gao Feet stood beside him for a minute looking, the expression on their faces as dark as night. 766 Then they picked up the leg and carried it away to the veld, where they buried it in a hole, exactly as if it were a person, they were so sad.

152 Later, when we had dressed the stump, Toma and Gao Feet came back to sit with Short Kwi and talk with him. Gao Feet told about a Bantu man he had seen far in the north who had been injured in a mine accident and had been fitted with a false foot. Short Kwi could have one too, Gao said; but Toma said, almost too depressed to speak: "What does it matter? He is a cripple now."

521 758 Then the men went away and left Short Kwi to rest, and during the evening the children and young people were talk-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

very sleek and prosperous, for they were staggering under loads of food, their bags and nets bulging with tsi and their carrying-poles strung with the meat of the gemsbok. They put down their loads and the women began immediately to make a large and busy werf on the far side of Toma's. In a very short time the werf was built and strewn with food and objects, and the people sitting among their possessions looked so comfortable and settled that one would never have thought that they had just arrived.

The old woman, Short Kwi's mother-in-law, did cry when she found her daughter gone. She squatted sadly on the ground and wiped her tears from her wrinkled, dusty cheeks with her fingers. All her relatives, clustered around her, trying to comfort her, telling her that, after all, her daughter would return, that she herself would be looked after and not allowed to starve, and presently the old woman stopped crying, wiped her eyes, and got up to build herself a tiny hut, a shade of grass and branches.

That night, when darkness fell, when the moon rose blood red among the trees and the frogs in the pan began their singing, we were again sitting by our fire, again hosts to a good many visitors, when we heard high voices singing a medicine song. We stood up to look over the grass and saw a fire where no werf was, with five young girls around it singing, clapping a rhythm, their faces lit red by the fire and their backs lit palely by the moon. They were all alone there, far from their homes.

We asked our visitors if there was going to be a dance, which did not seem likely, everyone being in such low spirits, and those who wanted to dance said yes while those who didn't said no. Soon some little children joined the dance, though, among them Little Gashe and Little Dabe. Little

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

535 Little
857 Dabe was evidently being minded by his brother, for he [857] arrived riding on Little Gashe's back, a heavy load, and Little Gashe danced in a circle behind the young girls carrying Little Dabe, then, perhaps getting tired, stopped dancing and shook Little Dabe off. When Little Dabe was standing Little Gashe climbed on Little Dabe's back to let Little Dabe do the dancing for a while. Soon these children were joined by some older boys and they all bobbed along happily, one behind the other, quite small and lit dimly in the big dance circle they were making for themselves.

The girls sang well. Their songs and the sharp rhythm of their clapping floated over the dark veld to us, mixed with the voices of the frogs. The frogs croaked so loudly by the pan, their croaking floated so clearly over the water, that for a while the girls just clapped their hands and let the frogs sing for them. The girls and the frogs kept time, and as the frog voices gradually faded the girls began to sing again themselves and presently, two or three at a time, our visitors went away from our fire to their scherms and later, a few at a time, appeared again at the dance fire with wood to burn or dance rattles to wear, some joining the singers and dancers, some others building small fires of their own in the veld a little apart from the dance fire. Before long, every werf was represented.

In the veld, where we were standing, the moonlight shone, making black shadows and pale, cool light. The air was still and warm and fragrant with the grasses of the veld and the voices came to us softly. At the fire the dancers wheeled slowly in their course around the circle, and the firelight shone in flickering beams through their stamping, naked legs, red on their naked backs. We could not see them plainly because they were far away, but we moved toward them and the sing-

9: Thomas T-5 (1951-1955)1959
FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

ing got louder, we heard the low sound of stamping feet and the low singing of the men's voices, no longer obscured by the pure, high singing of the women, and when we were there we were inside the cloud of red, luminous dust, and the sounds of rattles and clapping rang in our ears.

More and more women joined the singing girls, each throwing some sticks on the dance fire as she came, then finding a place to squat in the circle, the others shuffling apart to make room, and soon the fire burned up brightly, lighting the dust stirred up by the dancers' feet and showing the huddled circle of women, who by now looked like a flock of birds crouched on the ground, they were so tightly crowded, their karosses like hunched, folded wings and their heads up alertly; the bright dance fire showed too the oval faces of the visitors, the smallest ones near the ground, the larger ones a little higher, and as more and more men appeared from the darkness to join the dance the dust cloud rose higher and thicker until it seemed to shine of itself, like a veil or an illusion, and you couldn't be sure if what you saw was there before you or reflected.

Within an hour everyone was there. It behooves one to go to a medicine dance because the spirits of the dead, waiting in the shadows around the dance fire and on their paths above the veld, might carry off a person if he stayed at home alone.

In the circle, one man was dancing with his child on his shoulder, and the child, naked and golden-skinned on the naked brown shoulder, looked gravely down. Other children were dancing, Little Dabe and Little Gashe among them, Little Gashe carrying Little Dabe again, going slower and slower because he was tired. At last Beautiful Ungka picked up both Little Gashe and his passenger, put them in her

11; Marshall E-5 (1950-1955) 1958

FX10 Bushmen FX10
Kung

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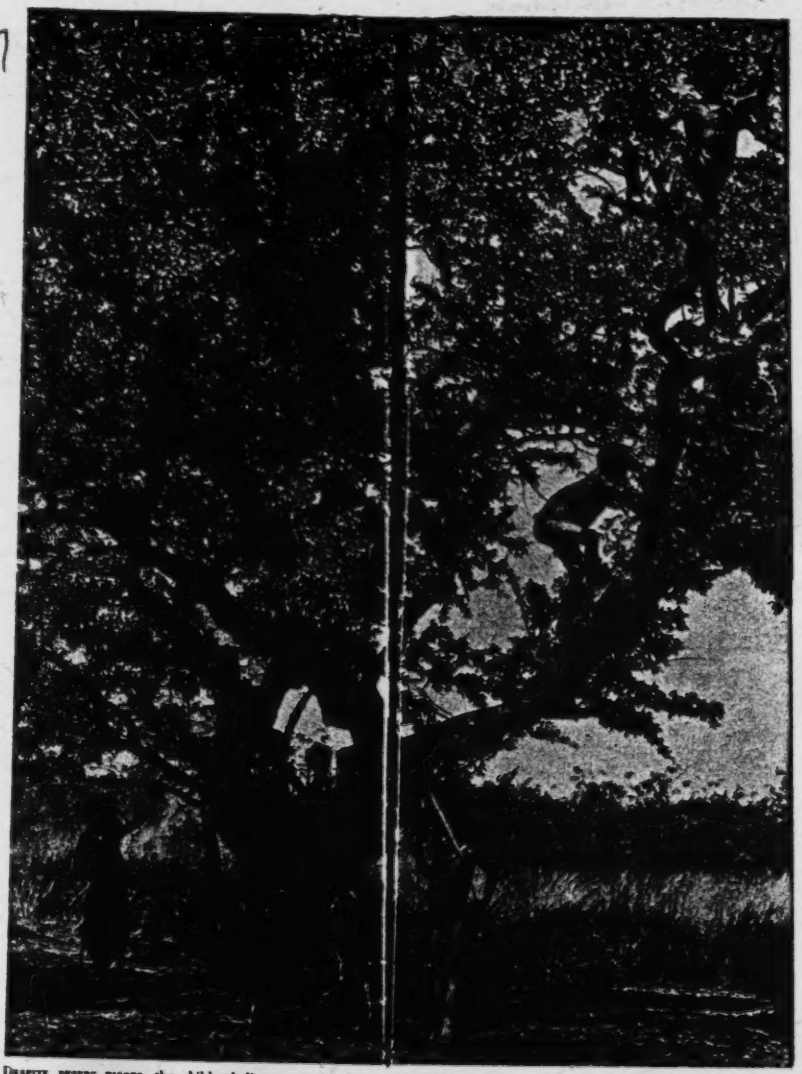

DESPITE DESERT RIGORS, the children's lives are relaxed ones, largely lacking in formal instruction and without organized pressure on the young to assume an adult role. Here, a gathering of children from one !Kung camp enjoy

[p.17]

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organized pressure on the young to assume an adult role. Here, a gathering of children from one !Kung camp enjoy themselves in the shade of a tree—one swinging, others scampering, "follow-the-leader" fashion, in the branches.

[P. 18]

222 461 on the season. In the long days of wilting between the October spring and the January summer, food is scarce and the women may go out every day into the failing veld, leaving their *werft* early in the morning and returning late in the afternoon. All 222 422 593 that a woman gathers belongs to her alone, and of course is shared with her family. She feeds her husband, her children and often a visitor or two, at her own hearth. No formal instruction 222 868 857 is practiced among the !Kung, with the possible exception of certain kinds of religious teaching and what might be called an occasional hunting school. Learning to gather comes from the children's observation of the more experienced women. Girls soon learn to [824] recognize more than a hundred kinds of edible plants that grow in *Nyae Nyae*, as well as the seasons and places in which these plants grow. They learn to see tiny, shriveled root vines coiled around thorns in the thickets and, in the process, develop fine powers of observation. Possibly complementary to this lack of formal instruction, no formal pressure is exerted on young people to take up adult roles. Girls, if they wish, accompany their mothers on gathering trips. If they do not, they rarely feel guilty. A girl usually be- [582] gins to feel responsible soon after she marries, which is often before puberty. But only when she has children of her own does a woman see the world through the eyes of a provider.

11: Marshall E-5 (1950-1955) 1958

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HUNTER'S TRAINING starts as childhood play, above, and !kung youths will use anthills as targets and even stalk beetles as a game. Although their arrows are featherless,

[p.65]

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YOUTH'S PLAY is not all purposive. Here, a young !Kung boy is happily engaged in nothing more important to his future than giving his sister a sled ride on the trampled floor of his band's *werft*, using a scrap of hide, hitched

[p. 76]

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[301]

to a thong. When lived upon, the veld earth soon turns to dust, as seen here. In the rains of the coming year, the rank veld grass will have grown again across the floor of the deserted *scherm*—to toss in the passing, desert winds.

[p. 77]

11: Marshall E-5 (1950-1955) 1958 FX10 Bushmen FX10 Kung

SEATED YOUTH, above, enjoys a smoke as his companions make characteristic !Kung gesture—arm outstretched—to show they also wish a turn with the pipe. Because the !Kung crave tobacco, but grow none, they must trade for it—often disastrously—with the Bantu peoples on the borders of *Nyae Nyae*.

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[P. 78]

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12. Five medicine men at sunrise after they had danced and cured all night long. The women must still clap and sing the protective medicine music. The men in semi-trance care for those in deep trance, or 'half-death', as they call it

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13. The tradition is continued. Playing 'dance', a little girl claps and sings while two boys dance around her

[p. 228 (H)]

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14. The boys imitate a trance

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15. Gao, the medicine man who sees /Gamma as a grey mist

[p. 228 (I)]

15: Marshall E-5 (1951-1961) 1965
FX10 Bushmen FX10
!Kung

to do so. Lack of privacy makes it almost impossible to keep an affair secret, and violent jealousy and anger can be aroused. Fearing any disruptive force, the !Kung disapprove.

LIFE CYCLE

CHILD TRAINING • !Kung parents are gentle, protective, and permissive with all their children and express their affection especially with babies. It is a most common sight to see fathers fondly kissing them with pursed lips and smacks. The mother, wherever she goes, carries her infant tied to her left side, skin to skin, in a little leather sling where it can reach her breast. When she sits, she takes the infant out of its sling, holds it, lets it nurse the other breast.

The !Kung believe that long nursing is essential to the survival and development of their children and encourage them to continue until they are three or four or older. These people practice infanticide and, in explaining it, say that they must space their babies so that each will be able to nurse long enough to ensure his having strong legs. An infant cannot thrive on their harsh foods, they say, even though they chew the food and put it into the infants' mouths, and the mother cannot support two entirely with her milk, excellent though !Kung lactation appears to be. They supplement the milk with adult food as soon as the child can eat it, so that a child is accustomed to it and ready to be weaned at three or four when the next baby comes. But, even so, the mother weans gradually, letting the older child have a drink of milk occasionally through the day. If the mother does not have or keep another baby but still has milk, she will allow or encourage her child to continue nursing. Other children tend to make fun of a child who nurses until he is six or so, and, in response to their teasing, a child may wean himself quite abruptly.

Babies are naked and, since there are no floors but the desert sand, not much is made of their urinating wherever they are. When they defecate, they are wiped with grass and the fecal matter is cleaned up at once by some older child or adult and carried off. As soon as children can walk fairly well they are led by the hand and encouraged to go out of the werf for their toilet needs, at first for the sake of cleanliness and, as they grow older, for the sake of modesty as well. (!Kung adults are exceedingly modest about uncovering their genitalia. Their incest taboo influences this behavior, I think, very strongly.)

Infants sleep in their mothers' arms. Young children sleep wrapped in karosses beside their parents' fire. Boys from the age of about eleven or twelve sleep at a boys' fire, not far from the family of one of them. Girls at that age go to sleep with a grandmother or some widow, or several of them

15: Marshall E-5 (1951-1961) 1965
FX10 Bushmen FX10
!Kung

513 882 together may sleep near the parents of one of them, but not exactly at the parents' fire.

855 857 Within the frame of protectiveness the parents are very permissive and make few, if any, demands on their children. With no houses and few utensils, there are not many household tasks to assign. Children are not sent off alone to do any of the daily work of fetching water or wood or [136] gathering veldkos. Although lions, leopards, and hyenas tend to mind their own business, they are present in the country and share the water holes with the Bushmen. Poisonous snakes are a very real danger. Furthermore, as the hunters say, it takes a lifetime to learn the country well enough not to be easily lost in the featureless grass and brush. The adults do not let their children out of their sight. In their parents' presence the children imitate adult activities in vital, active play, very engaging to watch, and [868] participate in actual work as they are able. The adults pause to show them how to hold a digging stick, or a toy bow or drill, so that play and learning merge.

524 857 [512] The !Kung have a rich variety of lively group games, with pantomime, singing, dancing, and other rhythmic movements, that children and adults together enjoy playing in the werf when the heat of the day is over. In most of their games boys and girls play separately, but they dance and sing together.

861 !Kung children are never harshly punished. One father said that if he had a boy who was quarrelsome or who disobeyed the rules—for instance, the absolute rule of the !Kung against stealing food or possessions—what he would do about it would be to keep the boy right with him until he learned 857 sense. The children on their part do not often do things that call forth 156 punishment. They usually fall in with group life and do what is expected of them without apparent uncertainty, frustration, or fear; and expressions of resistance or hostility toward their parents, the group, or each other are very much the exception.

881 [173] [171] [562] PUBERTY • When the fathers of the present old men were young men, the Nyae Nyae !Kung adopted the ceremony of the *Choma*, which they said was taught to them by a !Kung man who had married into another language group in the south. The *Choma* resembles some Bantu initiation ceremonies at certain points. The men who have had the ceremony and are therefore *Choma* owners take the boys to a place far enough from the werf to be out of hearing of the women, who, the !Kung claim, would die if they [535] heard some of the *Choma* sounds. The men and boys dance all night for several nights to special *Choma* songs with special rhythms that differ from [534] those of the other dances. A secret bull-roarer plays a part in the ceremony. [902] At the end the boys are scarified with a vertical line down the middle of [304] their foreheads and are given a special *Choma* haircut. Circumcision or other genital operations are not practiced by the !Kung.

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date) 1930
FX13 Hottentot
Bushmen FX10

middle-aged women who counted up to five children they had reared—the others were never mentioned. The eldest children were already married, the others quite small. 162

Childhood and Family Life

All Bushmen are very fond of their children, who receive love and care without stint.[1] Babies and young children are spoiled, and rarely corrected. The children begin to walk early, but long after a child can toddle it must still ride in its mother's kaross on food-gathering expeditions, giving her an additional burden to carry wherever she goes. When finally old enough to look after themselves, the youngsters go out with other children, trailing after the women or bigger girls. They have no special playthings; infants amuse themselves with sticks and stones and grasshoppers, playing about in the sand, while the young boys soon make themselves or are given little bows and wooden arrows, with which they shoot small birds and reptiles. 855 857 [524]

Both boys and girls go out with their elders on the daily excursions in search of food, even the babies go, riding in their mothers' karosses. The day is spent out in the open veld, and here the children receive most of their education. The girls accompany their mothers, from whom they learn to know the plants and animals, and their value as food, how to collect veldkos, and how to use the different implements and utensils. The bigger boys follow the men out hunting. Towards his eighth or ninth year each boy is provided by his father with a proper bow and arrows, which are, however, not poisoned. With these he is allowed to shoot hares, guinea fowl and other birds, wild cats, small buck, etc. After killing his first steenbok or duiker he is given a few poisoned arrows, and later, when he has become proficient in the use of these, he is taught to stalk and shoot big game. By the time he reaches the age of puberty he has, as a rule, gained a very good knowledge of veldcraft. 868

In this way the children grow up in intimate contact with Nature, and acquire all the knowledge necessary for hunting and collecting. In the evening they run about near the huts, play various games, mostly denoting scenes of animal life, take part in the dances, or sit by the fire, listening to the talk of their elders, until they feel 857

[1] D. F. Bleek, *Naron*, 18 sqq., 31–2; Passarge, op. cit., 100; Dornan, *Pygmies and Bushmen*, 133–4; Fourie, "Bushmen of S.W. Africa," 89–90.

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date)1930
FX13 Hottentot
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857 sleepy, and crawl on to the grass in the hut. No one sends them to bed.

593 So the children, during infancy and childhood, remain under the tutelage and in the care of their parents. Once they are grown up, no one really controls them. The tie between parents and mature children is simply one of respect and love, but there is no lack of family affection. Grandparents, uncles, aunts, and other relatives
603 are also respected to some extent, according to character. Among the Naron, grandparents, especially on the mother's side, take a
[597] great interest in their grandchildren, and often adopt one which has been weaned, while among the Heikum orphans are generally adopted by the maternal grandparents. The grandmother is often
[868] the person who teaches a child to speak. Between two sisters there
593 is usually a close bond of affection, they are generally companions, and help each other with their babies. In certain Cape Bushman tales the wife's unmarried sister is shown staying with her, as helper and nurse of the baby. On the other hand, among some of the North-Western tribes at least, there is a prohibition against a grown-up brother and sister speaking or sitting together. Here too, as in the case of the mother-in-law, the sitting and not the speaking appears to be the important part, for Miss Bleek records having heard an adult brother and sister address each other, while passing at a good distance.[1]

Girls' Puberty Ceremonies

881 The attainment of puberty is marked among all the Bushmen by the performance of certain ceremonies, through which the young people have to pass before being admitted to full membership of the
[184] group. Puberty ceremonies for girls are definitely found in all the Bushman tribes, but corresponding ceremonies for boys appear to be restricted to the northern tribes. These ceremonies vary somewhat from tribe to tribe.

Among the Cape Bushmen a girl at the time of her first menstruation was in a state of taboo. "She is put into a tiny hut, made by her mother, with a very small aperture for the door, which her mother closes upon her. When she goes out, she looks down upon the ground; and when she returns to the hut, she sits and looks down. She does not go far, or walk about at this time. When presently she becomes a 'big girl', she is allowed to look about, and to look afar

[1] D. F. Bleek, "Bushman Terms of Relationship," 59, 66–7; cf. *idem*, *Naron*, 32; Fourie, "Bushmen of S.W. Africa," 94.

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date) 1930
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A somewhat different ceremony, also connected with the collection of veldkos, is held by the Kung.[1] Once a year, when the edible bulbs of the veld are beginning to ripen at the beginning of the rainy season, the head of the band on a morning fixed by him calls together all the inhabitants of the camp before sunrise. He then takes up some faggots mixed with dry grass and straw, and all squat down in a circle around him. On the ground near the firewood lies a piece of wood, in which is bored a hole. In this hole is placed a freshly-broken twig of the wild fig-tree. A lit pipe is handed to the headman. He takes it in both hands, held palm to palm, and twists it about over the wood until its burning content falls on to the grass, which becomes kindled into flames. During this performance he repeats the following prayer to Huwe, a supernatural being: "Father, I come to you, I pray to you, please give me food and all things, that I may live." When the fire has burned out the members of the band scatter to seek the new bulbs, which up till now they might not touch.

These two ceremonies are the only ones on record indicating the presence of a special cult among the Bushmen in connection with the gathering of veldkos; but, as will be shown later, in all the Bushman tribes there are numerous other ritual observances and beliefs which may be regarded as centring in the sources of food supply, although they are somewhat different in nature from the two just described.

Water must also be fetched every day from the waterhole. This is generally the task of the children, but if the distance is far the women go, and occasionally even the men. The water is stored in ostrich egg-shells in one end of which is bored a hole which can be plugged with grass. These are carried about in a net of woven fibre or in skin bags. The stomach of a buck is also sometimes used as a water-bottle.

The supply of water is one of the most acute problems facing the Bushmen in the Kalahari and Namib Deserts. It affects their mode of life to a very considerable extent, for it not only regulates the migrations of the people, but also their cohesion, since, as we have seen, in many cases the different families constituting a band live together only in the rainy season, to scatter apart as soon as the dry season returns. Moreover, upon the supply of water depends the growth both of the veldkos and also of the grass upon which the game lives, so that the whole subsistence of the Bushmen is intimately bound up with it. This intimate dependence, as we shall subsequently see,

[1] Vedder, "Grammatik der !Kū-Buschmannsprache," 6–7.

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date) 1930
FX13 Hottentot
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side, beckons and calls to the others to come and see the wonderful thing. This they do one by one, each in turn beckoning to the others to come and see."[1] 524 536

Men's games have mostly a competitive character. In one each player has a thin stick, which he flings forcibly on to the ground in such a manner as to make it rise into the air and shoot away from him. Each strives to make his stick go farthest. In another a thin short stick, with two or three feathers tied to its upper end and weighted at the lower end by means of a large berry or bean, is flung into the air and kept going by catching it on a stick in its descent and flinging it up again. In others, again, a small melon or some similar object is put up as a target at which, from a certain distance, the men shoot with their arrows or throw their spears, the successful marksman receiving some food or tobacco as a prize. Still another, described by some of the older writers on the Cape Bushmen under the name of "Bushman cards", is played with a stone or small piece of wood. The man who has the bit of wood rapidly changes it from one hand to the other, so as to bewilder his companions, and finally asks one of them to guess in which hand it is concealed. If the guess is wrong the player sings out, "You eat the dog, I eat the meat," but if the guess is correct he says, "I eat the dog, you eat the meat," and hands the wood over to his companion. The players, it is said, will sometimes keep up this game for hours at their evening fire. 526 524

Children's games among the Naron and Auen, again, have such motives as a snake lying in wait for and capturing its prey at a water-hole, a struggle for the ownership of cattle, a man bartering goods from a trader, cock ostriches fighting with elephants who have come to drink at a waterhole, and a fight between two opposing groups, who pretend to shoot each other. In the first of these, one boy is the water snake. "He crouches on knees and elbows close to a small heap of sand which represents the pool. Some ten yards off the other players sit flat on the ground, close behind one another; each one putting her legs on either side of the one before her, and locking her feet over the other's thighs, forming a chain with the biggest in front. They sway from side to side edging forwards as they go, meanwhile singing an old song of which some of the words are no longer understood ... Now and then they interrupt their slow progress to dig up and eat in dumb show an imaginary water root. On reaching the 'pool', the chain breaks up, all gather round the water 524 857

[1] Fourie, loc. cit.

2: Schapera E-4, 5 (no date)1930
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524 and pretend to dip it out. The 'snake' from time to time flicks
857 sand at them with his finger, he is supposed to be squirting water. The others start back and scream, then gather once more round the 'pool'. At last the 'snake' jumps up, seizes a victim and pretends to swallow it, which ends the game."[1]

533 Some of the children's games, as in the one just described, have songs or refrains attached to them, in which the words are occasionally
[535] obsolete. All the dances are also accompanied by singing, many of them having their own special tune, but here the tunes are often sung without words. Other songs, again, go with the playing of musical instruments. The tunes are as a rule very short, and are generally repeated over and over again without variation, so that the effect is rather monotonous. "All Bushmen sing," says Miss Bleek,[2] "but their tunes are not easy for a European to distinguish, much less to write down." And, referring to the dance tunes,
[535] she adds: "The time is perfect, but no two in a chorus seem to hit the same note, though the general burden of the tune is kept up. That is to say, they all go up together, but not from or to the same note, and they all go down together, each hitting any note they please."

534 Musical instruments are seldom used to accompany the dances, although several different kinds are found.[3] Many of them are variations of the musical bow. The best known of these, the */goura*, was the favourite instrument in the south. It consists in an ordinary bow, in which one end of the string, instead of being fastened to the stave itself, is attached to a flexible piece of quill spliced to the end of the stave. This quill is held against the lips, and made to vibrate by strong expirations and inspirations of the breath, thus producing the effect of a stringed wind instrument. Another form of the musical bow, commonly known as the */gubo*, has a gourd or tortoise-shell attached to the stave of the bow so as to serve as a sounding-box. The instrument is played by picking at the string with a small piece of wood or bone. A development of this sometimes seen consists in playing it like a primitive sort of violin, with a small bow for sounding the string. This mode of playing was probably adopted
[177] from a European source, as the use of a bow after the manner of a

[1] D. F. Bleek, op. cit., 19. [2] Op. cit., 22.
[3] Stow, op. cit., 102–11; Passarge, op. cit., 95–8; Gretschel, "Die Buschmannsammlung Hannemann," 111–12; Kaufmann, op. cit., 150–1; D. F. Bleek, *Naron*, 21–2; Balfour, "The Goura—A Stringed Wind Musical Instrument of the Bushmen and Hottentots," *J.R. Anthrop. Inst.*, xxxii (1902), 156–76.